Encomium Salopiæ,

OR

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE PLEASANT SITVATION, COMmendable Gouernement, and *Rarities, of the ancient and famous* Towne of *SHROWESBVRY.*

By

EDWARD THORNES of Melverley Gent.

Qui sibi natus, frustra natus,
Et mihi, & patriæ.

LONDON,
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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE WOR-

shipfull IOHN GARDNER, *and Thomas Fawkener, Gentle-*

MEN BAYLIVES OF *THE TOWNE OF* SHREWESBVRIE.

IT hath beene an ancient custome, not onely with vs, but also with forraine Nations, that in the beginning of the new yeare, gifts should passe & bee bestowed by equals vnto their equals, Inferiors to their Superiors, and sometimes by Superiors vnto their Inferiors, as signes and tokens of well wishing mindes, for increase of Loue and Amitie; which were commonly called new Yeares gifts, and were of diuers kindes agreeable to

the abilitie and diſpoſition of the Giuer: ſome, ornaments for the Bodie, as Ringes, Gloues, Iewls, and ſuch like; ſome, of another kinde to recreate and refreſh the mind, as Epigrams, or Pamphlets. Which cõmendable cuſtome continuing ſtill in vſe, leaſt I ſhould be taxed to be vngratefull to thoſe vnto whome I owe obedience, or a bad obſeruer of time in my ſelfe, I haue preſumed to preſẽt vnto your Worſhips (on the behalfe of our renowned Ladie *Dame Salopia*) this ſmall Pamphlet as a token of my great good wil: being moſt agreeable vnto my eſtate and diſpoſition. Which if you wil deign to accept in good part as my poore mite, It will incourage me to giue you better ſatisfaction hereafter. Poore *Bancis* could not ſerue *Iupiter* in ſiluer plate, but in a woodden diſh: ſince I cannot doe as I would, I hope you will accept of what I can. I know you haue gifts of greater value, but none beſtowed with greater goodwill: and in gifts it is not the matter, but the minde that ſhould bee reſpected. And yet leaſt you ſhould thinke that it wanteth weight, I will adde this more vnto it: Which is my heartie prayer vnto the Almightie (that the gouernment now impoſed vpon you may bee ſo diſcharged, as may tend

prin-

principally to the glory of God, next to the good of the Common-wealth of this worthie Towne, and laſtly to your owne credits and commendations in times preſent and enſuing. Many eyes looke vpon you, and you ſhall bee ſubiect to many cenſures: but not what is ſpoken of you, but what ſhall bee done by you, will be beleeued. As you haue well begunne, God of his mercy aſſiſt you with his Holy Spirit, that you may ſo perſeuer to the end. And ſo I end with my pen, but not with my loue to you; Bentſtone this firſt of *Ianuarie*,

1615.

Your louing friend to,

bee commanded,

Edward Thornes.

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In amorem Authoris & opusculi.

A Friend to flatter with a clawing rime,
Or foe to slander with a venomd tongue,
Argues the foule contagion of our time,
For they from hence may find the greatest wrong:
These two extreames, I pluck vp in the root;
For at this worke, no such like bolts ile shoot.

First, for this Author, as a friend I deeme him,
His conuersation not to me vntride:
The more for this I neuer will esteeme him,
But that his worke the censure will abide
Of good and bad: for in his verse I find,
Besides inuention, honesty of mind.

For if a stranger bred in forraine soile,
With iudgements eye should this discourse suruay,
He would award him guerdon for his toile,
That could in such fit termes your fame display,
Not led with passion, nor with fond desire,
But with bare truth he doth your state admire.

The

In amorem Authoris & opuſculi.

The Magiſtrate for ciuill gouernment,
The graue diuine for vertuous life approu'd,
The toyling tradeſman to his profit bent,
Through his induſtrious quill he makes belou'd,
Then bruiſe not vertue in her faireſt flowre,
For it will liue when time doth all deuoure.

IOHANNES SMITH
Norfolcienſis.

In amorem Authoris & opuſculi.

VVHoſo ſhal read thy verſe & not cõmend it,
He vnderſtands it not: If he diſprayſe it,
He is an Aſſe, his ſhallowneſſe bewrayes it.
And as for fooles; Ile ſweare you neuer pend it.
For there appeares in all and euery part,
Learning, inuention, iudgement, wit and art.

Let

In amorem Authoris & opuſculi.

Let ſelf-conceited enuious Criticks kick
Againſt the Thorne, *perhaps they may be taught,*
Phlebotomizing often times is naught,
If ſo the ſeaſon be not fit for it:
But howſoeuer ſuch baſe Muſhromes deeme them,
Sound and true iudgments euer ſhall eſteeme them.

Thomas Smith
Norfolcienſis.

Rogerus Thornes generoſus *Salopienſis*, in amorem Authoris.

HEre's one example that no forraine dare,
Like man, like gift with Salopine *compare,*
He is vnkind vngratefully that ſcornes,
Such winter bloſſomes yeelded heere by Thornes.
My loue vnto the worke and towne is ſuch,
Compels me write ſo little, thinke ſo much.

Io-

Iohannes Stafford Ar. *Leceſtrenſis*, in laudem Authoris.

I (Though a ſtranger of Leceſtrum *breed)*
Thy cenſure and thy iudgement do approue:
For Polus is a worthie dame indeed.
Thy commendation comes from truth and loue:
I know not whether I may more commend
That noble Dame, or this that thou haſt pend.

Richardus Mountgomery generoſus *Salopienſis*, in laudem Authoris.

THe Nightingale delights her ſelfe,
Vpon the Thornes *to reſt,*
Where ſhe tunes forth melodious notes,
To cheere the hearers breſt.
The Thornie *branch, the fragrant Roſe*
Puts forth in pleaſant ſpring,
And did vnite two houſes great,
From whence diſcends our King.

And

In amorem Authoris & opuſculi.

And Thornes *vnto our worthy towne,*
Doth yeeld deſerued fame:
Then loue Ned Thornes, Salopians *all:*
For he deſerues the ſame.
His worke and him I muſt commend,
And would, if I were able,
In golden letters paint his prayſe,
And ſet them in a Table.

The Author to his Pamphlet.

PAſſe, Pamphlet, like a Pilgrim poore,
To the Salopians *kind:*
The time hath beene, that for my ſake,
Thou might'ſt ſome welcome find:
But time breeds change; and I am old,
And almoſt cleane forgot:
My old acquaintance now are gone,
The yonger know me not;
Time paſt, when I did walke, I ſhould
Find friends in euery ſtreet,

And

The Author to his Pamphlet.

And now I may walke all the day
And ſcarſly one man meet.
If any after thee enquire,
Or doe conuerſe with thee,
Thou maiſt confeſſe from whence thou cam'ſt,
And greet them wel from mee.
Behaue thy ſelfe in Ciuil ſort,
And cap to rich and poore;
When others preſſe into the hall,
Doe thou ſtand at the doore.
Repaire to market place and mill,
And Backhouſe without ſtop,
And to the waterload likewiſe,
And to the Barbors ſhop.
Sometime into the Tauerne goe,
And trudge it vp and downe:
For in theſe places thou ſhalt learne,
The newes of all the Towne.
Take paines, for by obſeruing well
Thou ſhalt both heare and ſee,
What newes abroad, and alſo what
They ſpeake of thee and mee.

The Author to his Pamphlet.

Be diligent in these affaires,
Obseruing word and deed:
Make haste, for I shall stand on Thornes,
To heare how thou shalt speed.

Encomium

ENCOMIVM SALOPIÆ.

A new yeares gift containing a perſwaſion for a congratulation and thankeſgiuing vnto God for the good eſtate, health, wealth, and proſperitie of the famous & renowned lady dame SALOPIA, *with a commemoration of her learned Paſtors, diligent Schoolemaſters, prouident Balifes, and diſcreet Councellors, preſented by one of her euer wel-wiſhing ſubiects, now liuing within the Precinct of her laudable Gouernment.*

TO thee faire dame (O ~~dame~~ dem. I flatter not)
To thee that fitſt on ſeemely Sabrine ſhore,
To thee theſe rude, and homely lines I wrot
That haſt bene famous in the times of yore,
To thee I ſend the labours of my quill,
As Riuers runne from fountaines of good will.

Twiſe thirtie yeares I liued haue and three
Whereby my wits are almoſt withered now,
And yet thy Swaine will ſing a ſong to thee
If thy good nature will the ſame allow.
I neuer ſuckt of Helicon the ſappe,
Nor was my head luld on *Mineruas* lap.

And yet like *Pan*, Ile tune mine Oaten Pipe
And ſeeke to ſet my warbling notes in frame,
Ile make a ſhow, as though my wits were ripe
And ready ſtill to canonize thy name,
No lawrell Bay my barren brow adornes,
On thiſtle figs grow not, nor grapes on thornes.

In *Broghwels* time a famous Brittaine Prince,
Thou waſt his ſeat a thouſand yeares agoe,
Then *Pengwern Powis*, and *Salopia* ſince,
For tract of time hath chang'd the title ſo,
Though time breed change, & he be ſalne aſleep,
The place is known, where he his court did keep.

No maruell, though he tooke delight in thee,
Thou art ſo pleaſant, fertile, freſh and faire,
There are but few that may compared bee,
So ſweet thy ſcite, ſo healthfull is thy ayre,
Being enterlac'd with fountains and with ſpring,
Beſides the pleaſures ſweet *Sabrina* brings.

Whoſe ryſing from *Plimhimmons* loftie hill,
Where *Wye* and *Rhydol* their beginning take,
With ſiluer ſtreames her courſe continueth ſtill,
And Eaſtward doth her way directly make,
Firſt to *Llan Idlos*, then *Kaer Sows* runnes by,
Thence to *Newtowne*, and ſo to *Poole* doth hye.

And

And thence in haſt, as one that long'd to ſee,
A dame ſo faire, and of ſo great renowne,
Shee did direct her ſpeedy courſe to thee,
Leauing behind the laſt recited towne.
And when ſhe view'd thy face ſhe ſtood at gaze,
The ſight whereof her ſences did amaze.

And then with ſlower courſe ſhee tooke her way,
From *Cotton hill* a neighbouring mount of ſand,
And ſhot the bridge although with much delay,
Where *Leoline* once Prince of *Wales* doth ſtand,
Where ſhe did make a whirlepoole, large & deep:
Intending there that night to lodge and ſleep.

But ſturdie ſtreames that ſtill on her attend,
Enforſt her forwards much againſt her mind,
Yet as ſhe paſſed, ſhe did much commend,
Thy wals and turrets which ſhe left behind,
And ſo with lingring pace againſt her hill,
She paſt *Stonebridge*, and came to *Caſtell hill*.

Whence looking back, with teares & heauy groanes
Deſirous ſtill thy louely face to ſee,
The water Nymphes did then record the moanes,
That ſhee did make in parting ſo from thee:
She would haue ſtaid, but force her forwards driue
It is in vaine againſt the ſtreame to ſtriue.

Being discontent with griefe, and sorrow great,
As fast as Swallow she doth forward slide,
Bridgenorth, and *Beawdley*, could her not entreate,
Nor *Worster* faire, nor *Teuxbury* to abide,
Nor *Glouceſter* great, commended so of some,
Vntill that she to *Bristows* bay doth come.

From whence she sends such tokens vnto thee,
As with her loue and true affection suites,
Corne, Wine and Oyle, and Fish that needfull bee,
With great abundance of all kind of fruits,
What vp or downe into her storehouse come,
Out of her loue she dayly sends thee some.

There is a land that vale of *Ambrose* height,
A fertile soile, for butter, milke, and cheese,
For wood and cole that serue the turne aright,
And other things of value great as these.
And all things else that are of ought account,
From *Brythin* braue vnto great *Gilbarts* mount.

The neighbouring townes, & countries round about
Doe bring thee daily of their chiefest store,
Which makes thee rich, and glorious in and out,
Increasing still thy plentie more and more,
Llanrylling, *Poole*, *Wemme*, *Elsmer*, *Oswestree*,
All these doe serue as handmaids vnto thee.

Thou

Thou haſt thy Preachers, learned, graue and wiſe,
One borne and bred, within thy Royall ſeate,
Who doth beſtow his dayly exerciſe,
To doe thee good, with care and labour great.
He doth more good then many others doe,
He feeds the ſoule, and heales the body too.

Thomas Higgons Doctor in diuinitie.

Since learning and good gifts doe him adorne,
O let him for the ſame be duly deem'd,
Though in a Countrie where a man is borne,
They ſay a Prophet is not well eſteemd.
When he is gone (for all at laſt muſt die)
He will be wail'd, with many a weeping eye.

There is another lamp that giueth light,
Diſperſing foggie cloudes of ignorance,
He ſtill is ſhining and is euer *Bright*,
And readie preſt the Goſpell to aduance,
His words, and workes, to godlineſſe incline,
His preaching pure, his exerciſe diuine.

Maſter Bright a graue and learned Preacher.

There is a third, borne of the *Britiſh* bloud,
Now aged almoſt threeſcore yeares and twelue,
He hath continued long, and done much good,
And in the Vineyard ſtill doth digge and delue,
Whereat though ſome yong wits do fume & fret,
He's not diſmaid, nor will giue ouer yet.

Maſter Thomas Price a zealous and religious Paſtor.

Daniel Price doctor in diuinity.

From his old stemme such liuely branches spring,
As flourish like the Palme on water side,
Which to thy people daily comfort bring,
Bestowing of their talents farre and wide,
The tree and branches still remaine in *Price*,
Long may they liue, to beat downe sin and vice.

Sampson Price master of Arts, a worthy professor.

All these as they doe teach, so doe they hue,
Which to their Doctrine brings no credit small:
For why? the life, that good example giues,
Yeeldes great content vnto the hearers all,
The prayse of them, with euery man is rife,
That doe confirme their doctrine with their life.

Master Iohn Meighen.

Thou hast free Schooles, and Masters of the same,
As Nurseries of youthfull tender plants,
Where learned *Meighen*, chiefe for place and fame,
Bestowes his dayes wherein no labour wants,
They all doe spend their time & waste their health,
To make fit members for a Common wealth.

Now giue me leaue a little to relate,
A matter that should yeeld thee much content,
How happie thou art in the Magistrate,
That rules thy state in ciuill gouernment.
This is the thing, that doth thy glory raise,
For want whereof, a Common wealth decayes.

Lycurgus

Lycurgus-like earſt *Lacedemons* ſtay,
Who made good lawes his ſubiects to combine,
Which being good, they willingly obay,
With one conſent, and none thereat repine,
By thoſe good lawes which he ſo well ordaind,
Vertue was rais'd, and ougly vice reſtraind.

So doe thy Rulers labour with effect,
To cheriſh vertue, and to puniſh vice,
No day, no time, no ſeaſon they neglect,
To doe the ſame by counſell and aduiſe,
The fruits whereof are found with good ſucceſſe,
When due obedience maketh vp the meſſe.

The ground was laid by ſuch as went before,
Continued well by ſuch as did ſucced,
Now put in practiſe daily more and more,
By thoſe whoſe trauell haue thy bliſſe decreed,
Laſt yeare a Hunter, and a Gardner gainfull,
This yeare a Gardner, and a Falckner painfull.

The Hunter did his time ſo well imploy,
In working for thy ſafetie and thy health,
The Bore, the Fox, the Woolfe he did deſtroy,
As enemies vnto thy Common-wealth,
He ſtroke the Beare and Catterpillar downe,
And did his beſt to chaſe them out of towne.

That

That Gardiner did manure thy garden plot,
And thereupon his labor did bestow,
His care, his toile, his rime he spared not,
To pluck the weedes wherby the hearbs might grow
He did his best, and labour'd hand and foot
To pull vp tare and cockle by the root.

This Gardiner not vnlike the fathers sonne,
Whose memory remaineth for his deedes,
Doth well continue, what was well begonne,
And with like diligence therein proceedes,
There is good hope, heele set and plant in prime,
And cut down Hemlock, and make much of time.

The Fawkner seekes those birds for to destroy,
That doe in any sort thy state incumber,
The greedy gripes that doe the same annoy,
The iangling Iay, the Bitter he keeps vnder,
The Cormorants in rauening that delight,
The lazie Puttock, and the greedy Kite.

The sinnes reprou'd by Preachers of the word,
They both doe ioyne, to vnderstand and know,
And then they cut them off with iustice sword,
That by their wils againe they neuer grow:
They doe their best to punish luxurie,
And drunkennesse, but cannot vsurie.

Theſe two (if I prognoſticate aright)
Will adde to that which hath bin done before,
And vnto thoſe that follow giue ſuch light,
As may increaſe thy profit more and more,
By their good meanes before the yeare be ended;
What is amiſſe, I hope ſhall be amended.

There is one vice that's noted farre and wide,
(Aye me for griefe) that I muſt now expreſſe it,
This vice is called a *Salopian* pride,
And I doe feare they neuer can ſuppreſſe it:
This vice doth ſoare ſo high, it is paſt cure,
They cannot make it ſtoop vnto the lure.

It hath foure daughters worthy ſuch a mother,
Hatred, and malice, Enuie and Diſdaine,
The one of theſe could neuer loue the other,
Whereby their nature is diſcouered plaine,
There whole delight conſiſts in doing euill,
Much like vnto their Grandfather the Deuil.

O that they might be chaſed hence away,
So might thy ſubiects bin at reſt and peace,
O that I might but liue to ſee that day,
So Charitie and Concord would increaſe,
Theſe furies fiue doe in thy Pallace dwell,
I know the place, but yet I darc not tell.

Whiles here they ſtay, they will endenor ſtill,
To ſoſter ſtriſe, and factions to maintaine,
If they prevaile herein, and haue their will,
Thy Preachers and thy Rulers worke in vaine.
For this diſeaſe to finde a ſalue in ſeaſon,
(In my opinion) paſſeth humane reaſon.

Then from the hope of humane help decline,
And pray to God to keepe theſe furies vnder,
And alſo by his might and power diuine
In his good time to breake their bonds in ſunder,
He can and may for thy vtilitie,
Depreſſing Pride exalt Humilitie.

And then ſhall Loue put Hatred vnto flight,
And Charitie ſhal Enuie chaſe away,
And grudge and malice then ſhall looſe their might,
And Amitie in ſtead of them ſhal ſtay,
And in the place of diſcord and diſdaine,
Goodwill and Concord ſhall the fort maintaine:

Then friend with friend ſhall louingly conuerſe,
And flatterers and falſhood ſet aſide,
And neighbour vnto neighbour ſhall rehearſe,
The happie ſtate wherein they then abide:
And bleſſe the time wherin ſuch chãge was made,
When rich and poore liue well vpon their trade.

The

The idle sluggard then will painfull proue,
The hastie person will commend forbearance,
The drunkard his affections will remoue,
The greedy Glutton turne to Temperance,
He that before was couetous and greedy,
will now make hast to help the poore and needy.

He that did loue contention and debate,
Will then desire to liue in quietnesse,
And is contented with his owne estate
And will releeue his neighbour in distresse
Thus as they vice deteſt, and vertue nourish,
Thou maist be sure thy Cõmõwealth wil flourish.

Behold how good and pleasant eke it is,
For brethrtn still to liue in vnitie,
It comprehends the ioyes of heauenly blisse
And pleasing much vnto the Trinitie,
This lesson sweet was lately taught to thee:
Out of the Psalme, one hundred thirtie three.

Sampson Price vpon Innocents day.

Adde zeale and true Religion vnto this,
Abolish superstitious and precise,
Compell the Newters to amend their misse,
So shal thy state to happinesse arise.
When these predictions thou at last shalt see,
Giue God the thankes that sent them vnto thee.

For

For of our ſelues we nothing can demerite,
So are we taught, and ſo we ought to learne,
What good we haue it commeth from the ſpirit:
The good from bad we cannot well diſcerne.
So doe we read, ſo Scriptures doe diſcuſſe,
We haue no good till God doth giue it vs.

What haue we wherevpon to make our brags,
Vnprofitable ſeruants euery one,
Much like a ſort of rotten ragges,
Moſt vile and loathſome for to looke vpon.
The great compaſſion he on vs did take,
Came from his loue not for our merits ſake.

Maſter Bright vpon Saint Stephens day.

When God the father after *Adams* fall,
Theſe ſweet and comfortable words did ſpeake,
Ile not from man my mercy cleane recall,
The womans ſeed the Serpents head ſhall breake
In prayſe and giuing thankes vpon him call,
Who as he made, ſo is he heire of all.

Sampſon Price vpon the day of the Natiuitie of Chriſt.

He came both poore and bare into the world,
Was borne in *Bethelem* in a ſtable baſe,
The Inne to him no lodging would afford,
His mother in a manger did him place,
The cloaths but meane that *Mary* wrapt him in,
As he tooke life, ſo died he for our ſin.

Then

Then giue him thankes and euerlasting prayse
From Sathans bondage that hath set thee free,
By death, from death to life he did thee rayse:
A ransome great, if thou the same couldst see.
For all these blessings spoken of before,
Giue him thy heart, he doth desire no more.

The hungry Hogge that eateth all and some,
And vnderneath the Oake on Acornes feedes,
Doth not looke vp to see from whence they come,
Nor once consider whence this food proceedes,
Be not vngratefull to that God of thine,
Lift vp thy lookes, shew not thy selfe a Swine.

He all bestowes, which little we regard,
He giues vs health, and wealth, and libertie,
And sence, and mouing, seeking no reward,
But faithfull loue without hypocrisie,
Of *Lepers* ten which he did cleanse alone,
None did returne to giue him thankes, but one.

If I haue bin too sawcy or too bold,
In giuing counsell where I ought to learne,
I am contented for to be controld,
By such a Pilot as can rule the sterne,
Since what I write doe my affections proue,
Pardon presumption that proceedes from loue.

If

If zealous carpe and seeme to keepe a stirre,
He hath no cause if truth be vnderstood,
If *Momus* barke, I care not for the Curre,
He comes by due discent from Enuies brood:
What I haue writ, is for loue of thee,
More will I write if this accepted bee.

Finis.

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HISTORY

OF THE

ANCIENT BOROUGH

OF

LYME-REGIS.

Price 1*s.* 6*d.*